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IN BROMPTON CEMETERY.

'IN Memory of THEODORE. Died November the 20th, 18—, aged three years.' I am not going to tell you about the tragedy this little life represented, and how much suffering and how many tears lie buried with my darling. I put all that away—all useless regrets, all vain repining, when I laid him under two great pine-trees, looking straight to the south, where the morning sun peeps earliest in faint yellow streaks, and the broad arms of the firs are ever held lovingly over the little head, and shelter away alike the drifting snow and summer heat—where the thrushes and blackbirds sing their matins and vespers. They and the pink chaffinches, and bold-eyed sparrows, come half-timidly, half-hardly, with their little shy feet, close to mine, where I sit alone by my lamb—Rachel weeping for her dead.

As time, God's true physician, softened my grief, and yet drew me to spend many hours where all was buried that could have pieced together a broken life and broken heart, I became gradually interested in the great company of the dead lying round, and anxious to learn some word of the lives and histories, even of those whose birth and death-date make up all the world shall ever write of them.

Right and left of my baby lie an old man and a young girl; he, a wealthy, honoured merchant, who had lived ninety years of prosperous and successful existence. His tomb is of gray marble; the letters are cut well and deeply; all its cold grandeur is perfectly kept up in unsurpassed cleanliness and order; but no one ever comes to put a flower on his grave. The other grave, young Bessie's, is also neglected, though in a different way. The letters are fading fast from the crooked headstone; and the ivy that has crept round it is so tangled, that before long the little tomb will be quite covered. Bessie was sixteen years old, and went to her rest in the glowing July of 1851, when the fairy palace of Hyde Park, sparkling in its glory, promised, but

did not fulfil, the commencement of a long reign of peace and good-will to all the nations of the earth. Where are now those, I wonder, who left Bessie here!

Hard by lies many a different life from the maid's and the merchant's. Brompton is essentially a military cemetery, where sleep the veterans of the Peninsula, the Crimea, and India, and the Cape. Truly, when the last réveille sounds, no more gallant hearts shall answer to the call than our dead English soldiers.

Close to my baby are Sir John Garvoek and Sir James Anderson, the last under a pyramid of cannon-balls; and on this February day, warm and breezy, with flying rain-clouds, driving off the fogs that for days past have hovered like unclean birds over London, there comes a wail of fifes and muffled drums. The trees are dripping with water, the grass is sodden, but through its muddy surface, here and there, are peeping green blades—fresh promises of spring. Shrill over the long damp walks under the yews comes the *Adeste Fideles*. It is 'a soldier's funeral,' the gardener tells me—two Guardsmen from the Tower, who were drowned last week, having fallen into the river in the fog. The procession winds slowly into view—the muffled drums, the gay uniforms, the coffins, each covered with a black and white pall, and heaped with wreaths. On each coffin lie the dead man's bayonet and shako. The chaplain commits earth to earth; and the volleys flash over our brothers departed, and with cheery strains the band is back again into the world.

Next in number to the soldiers lie the actors, with whom Brompton has ever been a favourite burying-ground. Here is one of the greatest actresses of our day, Adelaide Neilson, whose 'glorious eyes' closed—for us—too soon; for her, just as a first gleam of happiness and repose was dawning upon a stormy, clouded life. The 'beautiful gifted' is 'resting' under a tall hewn cross of roughened marble. The noble head of Mellon the composer, conspicuously placed, looks out upon us from a grove where lie Nellie

Moore, the 'Lancashire lass'; T. P. Cooke, the sailor-actor; Keeley, Leigh Murray, and Planché, whose coffin may be seen through the iron gates of the catacombs. Albert Smith is here too. Near Mellon rests a lady whose story and recollections must have been interesting—one Sarah Agnes, who died in 1846, 'widow of General Count Demetrius de Wints, elected Prince of Montenegro on the 1st of August 1795.' I know nothing of this page of the history of Montenegro; but for Sarah Agnes, it was, as Bismarck said of the election of young Battenberg, 'something to be remembered.'

Sydney Lady Morgan is here too, and makes us think of the Wild Irish Girl, with her harp and green fan and *mode* cloak, her quarrels with her publishers, and her endless vanities, from the concealment of her age, to the blue satin gown which made her 'the best dressed woman in the room'; her ceaseless tormentings of the staid sensible husband, who won her so hardly and loved her so patiently. One wonders if that unquiet spirit sleeps soundly, and why her novels—novels that brought the Dublin actor's daughter from obscurity to be a leader of the fashion she loved so dearly—should now be hardly remembered even by the fact, that one beguiled the last hours of Pitt.

Jackson the pugilist, whose tomb by Baily, with its couching lion, is one of the most conspicuous objects here, represents a science that is now moribund. Near him is the humble grave of one of the sextons of the cemetery, who a year or two ago was crushed by the falling-in of the warm yellow gravel of the grave he was digging.

The year has rolled away; it is Christmas eve; the snow is crisp and sparkling in the low December sun, and groups are thronging in with wreaths and crosses and bouquets, to tell their dear ones they are not forgotten, and that to-morrow the vacant place by the fireside will be haunted by

The touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.

Near the Brompton gate, where the porter, smiling, good-natured giant, stands holding the gate open for loiterers like me—sleeps a dear old friend, long passed away—an Indian doctor, the kindest heart for young people, the most interested in their pleasures, I ever knew. A Scotchman from Skye—even in his eightieth year with strength unfailed, and the large limbs of the people of his race. 'A strong lad, Samson; sure he cam' frae Skye,' was the old woman's commentary on the hero of the Book of Judges. The merry days of girlhood on Richmond Hill and Thames, clear Marlow water, childhood treats of strawberries at Kew, rise up before misty eyes as I read your name, dear old William Bruce! Many a happy Christmas eve have we spent at your kindly table, when your dark beaming face and Scottish voice asked the 'bit lassie,' whose tall toddy glass stood untasted at her side—'Why, Miss Helena, Miss Helena, are ye doing naught for the gude o' the hoose?' He used to say the fifty years of perfect health he had spent in India were due to the nightly toddy! I believe it was the kindly heart and cheerful mind.

Lie lightly, snow; shine red, ye holly-berries;

and I pass out bidding good-night to my baby, sleeping till his young eyes shall open, not on the Christmas, but on the Resurrection morn. As I go, I see that even the long-forgotten old merchant has at last been remembered, and on his grave is a scroll of immortelles and berries inscribed, 'Kind words and deeds, they never die.'

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

CHAPTER LVIII.—CLEARING UP.

PHILIP with amazement not unmingled with displeasure recognised Mr Beecham in the person who in this mysterious fashion intruded himself on their privacy.

Madge was for a second startled by the sudden apparition; but that feeling passed as the shadow of a swift-flying bird passes over the breast of a clear pool, and her face became bright with hope. The object which Philip had so longed for was accomplished—the distrust and enmity of Austin Shield were extinguished. Remembering about the secret recess of the Oak Parlour, and the legend of its having once served as the hiding-place of a fugitive king, she did not pause to speculate how it had been discovered, or how or why the man came to make use of it at that moment, but waited eagerly for the upshot of this singular meeting.

The invalid, resting back on his cushions, stared at the intruder with mingled emotions of astonishment, curiosity, and suspicion; then he glanced inquiringly from Madge to Philip, seeking from them the explanation at which the latter could no more guess than he.

The man himself advanced calmly.

'I must ask you to pardon the odd way in which I present myself to you, Mr Hadleigh,' he said gravely, as he bowed with respect; 'it is partly due to accident, partly to design.'

'I am your debtor, Mr Beecham,' answered Philip coldly, 'on my own account and my uncle's; but I am not conscious of anything you have done which can justify you in playing the part of a'—

'You would say the part of a spy and a hidden listener to what was not intended for my ears,' was the calm rejoinder, a smile of good-humoured approval on the kindly face. 'I have been both, but I shall not lose all your respect when you understand the position. Be patient.—I was waiting in the room until the girl who admitted me could find an opportunity of telling Miss Heathcote that I wished to see her before seeking an interview with your father. She returned immediately to say that she had been unable to deliver my message, and that they were bringing the sick gentleman in here. She left me hurriedly. I did not wish to meet Mr Hadleigh until his leave had been asked, and I could not go into the hall without meeting him.'

'Why should you avoid him?'

'There are circumstances which might have made an unexpected meeting unpleasant. I am now aware that that was my mistake. At any rate I remembered the secret of this panel, which was explained to me years ago by old Jerry Mogridge. He was then the only one who knew it. I was aware of the misconceptions

my conduct might give rise to, but entered the place hoping to find the outlet to the garden. Some time was occupied in searching for it without success. I would have endured my ignominious imprisonment, however, had not Mr Hadleigh's voice confirmed Dr Joy's assurance that I might speak to him freely.'

He paused, as if desirous of some sign from the invalid that he might proceed. The latter assented with a slight movement of the head.

'I do not regret my awkward position, Mr Hadleigh, since it has enabled me to hear what you have said to these young people when you could have no suspicion of my neighbourhood. Your treatment of them has done as much as the proofs placed in my hands by Miss Heathcote to convince me that, in the blind passion of youth and deceived by a scoundrel, I did you gross injustice. You know me: is it too late to ask your pardon?'

There was silence. Philip, in much perplexity, was looking alternately at the two men; Madge was watching with breathless interest, the dawn of a joyful smile on her face. At length, Hadleigh:

'I trust it is never too late to ask pardon—or to grant it. There is my hand, Mr Shield.'

They clasped hands with the calmness of men who strike a mutually advantageous bargain: there was no pretence of any other feeling in the touch. But Madge placed her hands on theirs, and her face was radiant with joy.

'You are both my friends and Philip's,' she said; 'he wanted you to understand each other: he desired it and thought of it a great deal more than of the fortune you tried to tempt him with, Mr Shield.'

'I should like to understand this riddle,' Philip broke in. 'I have known you as Beecham, and another as Austin Shield.'

Beecham drew from his pocket a pencil and note-book. He wrote: 'I am the Austin Shield you have known in correspondence—as this will testify. The man you have met under my name is Jack Hartopp, who has been my faithful ally and comrade for years past. For reasons—most unhappy reasons, which shall be fully explained—I desired to test your nature before you became the husband of Madge Heathcote.'

'I recognise the writing,' said Philip, 'but am unable to comprehend what authority you can pretend to have over Miss Heathcote.'

'I will explain that,' interrupted Madge; and she did so to his entire satisfaction within a few hours.

Meanwhile, Philip was anything but satisfied. He was frowning as he put the next question:

'Then this report about the losses—the financial difficulties which prevented Mr Shield from giving me the assistance I required?'

'You have had the assistance you required: you have been rescued from the clutches of a knave, who would have duped you out of everything; you have had a lesson which will be worth thousands to you; and you have still the opportunity of carrying out your plans to what I hope will be a satisfactory issue.' Shield said this in a tone of reproach; but observing the changes on Philip's face, he proceeded with his usual kindness of expression: 'I could never have known what genuine and generous stuff

you were made of, Philip, unless I had seen you in misfortune, and found that you are ready to give up everything to support the man whose money you had lost.'

'That was my duty.'

'Yes, yes,' was the smiling interruption; 'but it was a duty from which you might easily and without discredit have excused yourself. It was, however, your brave acceptance of the duty which convinced me that she would be safe in your keeping; and to secure her happiness as far as it is in human power to do so, I was ready to sacrifice anything. I am satisfied on that point, and you know that Miss Heathcote has been satisfied for a long time.'

'Then the story which this Hartopp told me about the losses—what of that?'

'You must not blame Jack Hartopp; he acted faithfully according to his instructions; and it was only on account of his mania for drink that I was obliged to keep him out of your way as much as possible. With that pitiable drawback, he is as shrewd and brave as he is honest. To save my life and property, he has stood up single-handed against a gang of mutinous workmen on the diamond fields. He likes you, Philip, and you will soon respect him as well as like him. As to our losses, they have been heavy and sudden, owing to the failure of a gold-mining Company in which I had invested and the fall in the price of Cape diamonds. But we have still ample means to go on with comfortably.'

'Is Mr Hartopp a son of our neighbours of the Chelmer Bridge farm?' inquired Madge.

'Yes; he was in California for a time, but hearing of the diamond fields, thought he would try his luck in them. He was in a poor plight when he reached my station; but he had a hearty welcome as soon as he told where he came from. . . . And now, I should like to see Mrs Crawshaw and her husband. She would have recognised me at once, and that is why I have kept out of her way.'

When, however, Madge brought him face to face with the dame, the latter had to scrutinise his visage closely for several minutes before she identified him.

'Faces change with time,' he said, as if excusing beforehand her slowness of recognition.

'And hearts too,' she answered somewhat drily.

'Not always,' was his earnest comment; and the grasp of their hands, the smile on their faces, proved that their hearts had not changed at any rate.

'I am glad there is an end of this prank,' she said by-and-by; 'many a weary thought it has cost me, for it is the only time I have ever held anything back from Dick. But I knew thou wert meaning well, and it was not in me to thwart thee in doing what seemed to thee right, for love of Lucy. But it was a perilous adventure for all of us, and we have reason to give thanks that it ends as we would have it.'

Dick Crawshaw could not easily grasp all the details of the explanations which were given him; but he quickly comprehended that Madge had been doing her best to make others happy at the risk of her conduct being much misconstrued. So he took her in his arms.

'Buss me, lass, and forget that I was ever angered with you. But it wasn't easy to keep temper when all things about the place seemed to be going contrary, and everybody was more dunderheaded than another—not to mention my temper was always known to be of the gun-powder sort, so that one spark was enough to blow up the whole place.'

'But the explosion is never very destructive,' she said with a smile and a kiss.

'Dunno how you take it, Madge, but it always leaves me somehow uncomfortable. Hows'ever, let that be, and come and see to the entries for the Smithfield Club. I'll be main vexed if we don't get a prize; they have got a clean bill of health, and I'll go bail there are no cows or steers in the country to beat them.'

He took Austin Shield as much into his favour as he had done when that person had presented himself under the name of Beecham, and consulted him about the cattle as if he had been the most famous of 'vets.' To Jack Hartopp he gave a cordial welcome, and, unwisely, opened a case of hollands, which had come from Amsterdam by way of Harwich, for his delectation.

'Never you mind,' he said in answer to the dame's remonstrance; 'there is nothing too good for a man that has been as faithful to his mate or master as Jack Hartopp has been to Shield. Clever rogues, both of 'em—and they say, and Philip says, I'm sure of a red rosette at the Smithfield show.'

There was a great gathering at Willowmere this Christmas. The huge barn was cleared for the occasion, and all the lads and lasses of the village who had ever done a day's work on the farm were invited. Gay ribbons and happy faces, lamps and candles, made the place brilliant. There was a huge bush of mistletoe and holly hanging from the centre of the roof, and Uncle Dick led his dame forward and gave her a sounding kiss under it, amidst the cheers and laughter of the lads, who whirled their lasses along to follow this gallant example.

Then the fiddles struck up *Sir Roger de Coverley*, and yeoman Dick led off the dance with his dame, both as young in heart as the youngest present, and as joyful as if they had not those long reaches of the past to look back upon. Madge and Philip followed, as if their young lives were to fill the gap between youth and age.

All the guests agreed there had never been in their recollection such a merry Christmas gathering in the county.

CHAPTER LIX.—GLIMPSES.

'Tis in ourselves that we are thus, or thus.'

The sun still bright on the hilltop; figures rising to its crest, and there halting, with hands shading their eyes, to take a glad or sad look backward.

See there; Dick Crawshaw and his dame can look down and smile on the road they have travelled, although there are sundry small black patches that they would have wished away. But they can see Madge and Philip in their joyous course, waving orange blossoms towards them, laughing at the slips and hollows of the hillside,

because they march hand in hand, and when the one falters, the other possesses sustaining power enough to keep both in the safe path.

'Lucky dog, that Philip!' says old Dick Crawshaw, fumbling with his fob-chain. 'He has got the finest woman in the world to wife—bar my missus.'

'They are very happy,' observed the dame contentedly; 'and Austin was not so far wrong as I fancied he was, when he said that the real test of a man's nature was money. I never liked it; for losing money makes men mad or bad, and gaining it seems to do the same thing—but neither way seems to have hurt Philip much, good lad.'

And Philip and Madge were walking quietly up the hillside, halting here and there to give a friendly hand to those who were stumbling by the way. Hadleigh, sitting in his easy-chair, is glad at last, for he has found the Something which he had sought so long without avail, in the fair-haired grandchild sitting on his knee. The love that was so slow of growth in the man's heart has blossomed in this child.

In the work which Philip had started, Austin Shield with his ally Jack Hartopp was working with might and main; and the speculation promised to be not only successful in a commercial way, but also in a moral way. They had all the idea that in course of time it would come to be the universal system of work—that men should be allowed to do as much as they could, and that they should be remunerated in accordance with the results, calculated by the market value of quality and quantity. The men themselves were rapidly coming to understand that their real advantage lay not in combinations which restricted the labour of one who was quicker of wit and hand than the average labourer, but in doing their best to keep up to him, and beat him if that were possible, allowing the lazy and the stupid to fall back into their natural places.

Miss Hadleigh as Mrs Crowell was permitted all the joys she desired; for she had grand dinner-parties; her dear Alfred became an alderman, with every prospect of being chosen Lord-Mayor in due course of time, and the possibility of a baronetcy attached to the office.

But look down into one of the side-paths which leads into a jungle. There is Countess Hadleigh moving through a maze. Contrary to everybody's expectation, he has not married for money, but for a position in society. He has led to the altar the Honourable Miss Adelaide Beauchamp, the penniless daughter of a bankrupt peer. She uses his wealth in the vain effort to re-establish the position of her family. The master of the house is snubbed; and his presence is only required to attend those entertainments where the presence of a husband is supposed to give countenance and propriety to what is going forward.

On that merry racecourse down there is Wrentham, a white hat encircled by a blue veil on his head, a note-book in his hand. He is one of the most popular book-makers on the turf; and away in a quiet cottage are his wife and daughter, happy in the belief that he is engaged on important business, whilst he is drinking champagne, giving and taking the odds

on the next race. Bob Tuppit sees him often; but they pass each other without recognition. Bob is content to turn an honest penny by his juggling craft, and to bring up his family respectably.

By-and-by there comes a stranger man out of the wilderness of foreign parts. He speaks to Sam Culver. The gardener knew him at once, and was in great glee that his old pupil should have found fortune in another land. So he took him to the cottage where Pansy was waiting on her grandfather, who had been at last persuaded to give up his 'business rounds' and settle down at Ringsford.

Caleb and Pansy were only a few minutes together when they came forward to the gardener, and the light on their faces seemed to suggest the burden of the rustic song—'We'll wander in the Meadows where the May-flowers grow.*'

THE END.

ONE WOMAN'S HISTORY.

CHAPTER IX.

AMONG other visitors in search of the picturesque who had found their way to Stock Ghyll Force this morning was Mr Santelle, the stranger who had held the mysterious conversation with Jules the waiter. When half-way across the bridge, he paused to look at the waterfall, which from this point was visible in all its beauty. While standing thus, he was attracted by the sound of voices, and next moment his quick eyes had discovered Colonel Woodruffe and Madame De Vigne on a jutting point of rock half-way up the ravine. The lady he recognised, having seen her start that morning from the hotel with a party of friends; but the colonel was a stranger to him. Humming an air softly to himself, he paced slowly over the bridge and began to climb the path on the opposite side of the stream. When he had got about one-third of the way up, he reached a point where a more than usually dense growth of shrubs and evergreens shut out the view both of the waterfall and the ravine. Pausing here, Mr Santelle with deft but cautious fingers proceeded to part the branches of the evergreens till, from where he stood, himself unseen, he obtained a clear view of the group on the opposite side of the ravine. That group now consisted of three persons.

The approaching footsteps, the sound of which had put an end to the conversation between the colonel and Madame De Vigne, were those of M. De Miravel. He had spied them before they saw him. 'Ah ha! Voilà le monsieur of the portrait!' he said to himself. 'What has my adorable wife been saying to him? She turns away her face—he hangs his head—neither of them speak. *Eh bien!* I propose to myself to interrupt this interesting *tête-à-tête*.' He advanced, raised his hat, and smiling his detestable smile, made one of his most elaborate bows. 'Pardon. I hope I am not *de trop*,' he said.—'Will you not introduce me to your friend, *chère Madame De Vigne?*'

Superb in her icy quietude—the quietude of

despair—and without a falter in her voice, she said: 'Colonel Woodruffe, my husband, Hector Laroche, ex-convict, number 897.'

The fellow fell back a step in sheer amazement. 'How!' he gasped. 'You have told him'—
'Everything.'

She sat down again on the seat from which she had just risen, and grasping the fingers of one hand tightly with those of the other, turned her face in the direction of the waterfall.

Laroche's *sang-froid* had only deserted him for an instant. '*Quelle bêtise!*' he muttered with a shrug. Then becoming aware that the colonel's cold, haughty stare was fixed full upon him, he retorted with a look that was a mixture of triumph and tigerish ferocity. Turning to his wife, and all but touching her shoulder with his lean claw-like finger, he said with a sneer that was half a snarl: 'My property, monsieur—my property!'

Suddenly there came a sound of voices, of laughter, of singing. A troop of noisy excursionists had invaded the glen.

Mr Santelle had apparently seen as much as he cared to see. He let the parted branches fall gently together again, and went smilingly on his way.

CHAPTER X.

It was the forenoon of the second day after the picnic. There was thunder in the air, but the storm had not yet broken. Any moment the clouds might part and the first bolt fall. What might have been the result of the collision between Laroche and Colonel Woodruffe on the day of the picnic, but for the opportune invasion of the glen by a number of excursionists, who put privacy to flight, it is of course impossible to say. It may be also that the Frenchman read something in the colonel's eye which warned him not to proceed too far. No sooner, therefore, had the remark last recorded passed his lips, than he turned abruptly on his heel, and striking into the same winding pathway that Mora had taken earlier in the day, became at once lost to view in the depths of the shrubbery.

'Had you not better let me take you back to the hotel at once?' said the colonel to Mora after a little pause. 'You can easily make an excuse to your party for leaving them. There is an inn at the foot of the valley at which we can hire a fly.'

Mora at once assented. Now that the worst was known, now that everything had been told, her heart cried out for solitude: she wanted to be alone with her despair.

On their way they encountered Miss Gaisford, to whom Mora made some kind of an excuse. An hour later they alighted at the *Palatine*. As they stood for a moment at the door, the colonel said: 'I shall remain here at the hotel for the present, in case you should need me. No one can tell what may happen. Night or day I am at your service.'

She gazed into his eyes for a moment, pressed his hand tenderly, and was gone.

From that hour, Madame De Vigne had ceased to appear in the general sitting-room down-stairs. The bedrooms occupied by the sisters were

* The right of translation is reserved.

separated by a small boudoir. In this latter room Madame De Vigne now passed her time, and here she and Clarice partook of their meals. Miss Penelope and Nanette alone had access to their room.

Of all the people in the hotel Colonel Woodruffe alone was aware that the polite and good-looking French gentleman who called himself M. De Miravel had any acquaintance with Madame De Vigne, or had as much as spoken a word to that lady. De Miravel, to all appearance, did not know a soul in the place. He was very smiling and affable to every one, but seemed to have no acquaintances. His sole occupation—if occupation it could be called—seemed to be to lounge about the grounds and smoke. Once, it is true, he went for an hour's row on the lake, but that was all. When he and Colonel Woodruffe chanced to meet, they passed each other like utter strangers.

Another visitor who appeared not to care to make acquaintances was Mr Santelle. He took his breakfast in the public coffee-room, and dined at the *table-d'hôte*; his keen, watchful eyes saw everything and everybody, but he rarely addressed himself to any one. He was not so much *en evidence* as M. De Miravel; but with a guide-book under his arm and a field-glass slung over his shoulder, he took the steamer from place to place, and seemed bent upon seeing all that there was to be seen. Jules kept a furtive eye upon him at meal-times, but not the slightest sign of recognition passed between the two men.

When Clarice got back to the hotel on the evening of the picnic, she found a telegram from Archie awaiting her. 'Governor not yet to hand,' ran the message. 'Probably fatigue of travelling has been too much for him. May have broken journey somewhere. Can only await his arrival. Hope he will turn up in the morning. Will telegraph again to-morrow.'

Clarice handed the telegram to Mr Etheridge. That gentleman read it slowly and carefully, and handed it back with a smile. 'I think it very likely, as Mr Archie suggests, that Sir William has broken his journey,' he observed. 'But I have long thought that Sir William fancies himself more of an invalid than he really is, and that if he chose to exert himself a little more, it might perhaps be all the better for his health. But there is no accounting for the whims of these rich people. I sometimes think that a little poverty would be a good thing for some of them.'

There was more cynicism in this speech than in any that Clarice had hitherto heard from the old gentleman's lips. But it was not in her province to make any reply to it. She had never even seen Sir William, whereas Mr Etheridge had known him for years.

When not with her sister—and Mora seemed to prefer to be as much alone as possible—Clarice spent most of her time with the old man. She could talk to him about Archie, whom he seemed to have known from childhood, and could listen with unflinching interest to all that he had to tell about the eccentric baronet; while Mr Etheridge seemed quite as fond of her society as she was of his. No message, either by telegram or letter, had yet arrived for him, but he never failed to ransack the letter-rack three or four times a day. 'We can only wait,' he said once or twice

to Clarice, as he turned from the rack with that faint, patient smile which she was beginning to know so well. 'Sir William is a man who can never bear to be hurried in anything.'

Next afternoon there came a second telegram addressed to Miss Lorraine: 'No news of the governor yet. Most extraordinary. Would have started back to-day, but Blatchett strongly advises to remain till morning. Should there be no news by ten A.M., you may expect me at the *Palatine* in time for dinner.'

'Just like Sir William—just like him; I'm not a bit surprised,' was Mr Etheridge's curt comment when he had read the telegram.

'He must indeed be a singular man,' said Clarice. Then her eyes began to sparkle, and a lovely colour flushed her cheeks. 'Perhaps by this time to-morrow Archie may be back again,' she said, more as if speaking to herself than addressing Mr Etheridge.

In the course of these two days Colonel Woodruffe and Mr Etheridge met more than once. They talked together, walking side by side on the lawn of the hotel. The chief part of the talking, however, seemed to be done by the colonel, his companion's share of it being mostly confined to 'Yes' or 'No,' a confirmatory nod of the head, or now and then a brief question.

When Lady Renshaw got back from the picnic on Wednesday evening, and was in a position to have a quiet chat with her niece, she declared that she had not spent so pleasant a day for a long time. Dr M'Murdo was really a most agreeable, well-informed man—a man whose talents ought to make him a position in the world; and as for the poor, dear vicar, he was nothing less than charming. 'So simple-minded and unworldly, my dear. He quite puts me in mind of the Vicar of Wakefield.' Then she added by way of after-thought: 'But I cannot say that I care greatly for that sister of his. There is something about her excessively flippant and satirical—and I do dislike satirical people, above all others.'

But Lady Renshaw's real enjoyment—of which she said nothing to her niece—arose from her thorough belief that both the doctor and the vicar had been irresistibly smitten by her charms. If they were not in love, or close on the verge of it, why had they followed her about all day like two spaniels, each of them jealously afraid to leave her alone with the other? It was delightful! As she sipped a cup of tea after her return, she began to ask herself whether she might not do worse than accept this clever, well-preserved Scotch doctor. She had no doubt in her own mind that he would propose in the course of a few days. With the help of her money, he might buy a first-class West-end practice; and after that, there was no knowing what he might not rise to in the course of a few years. Seven to ten thousand a year, so she had been given to understand, was by no means an uncommon income for a fashionable doctor to make nowadays. She would think the matter over in the quietude of her own room, so that she might be prepared with her answer, when the inevitable moment should arrive.

The fact was that Dr Mac had fooled her to the top of her bent, as Miss Gaisford had prophesied he would do. Her vanity, as he soon

found, was insatiable; no compliment was too egregious for her to swallow. 'I've done my duty like a man,' he remarked with grim humour to Miss Pen at the close of the day; 'but I hope you will never set me such a task again: the creature's self-conceit is stupendous—stupendous!'

The picnic took place on Wednesday. Thursday was ushered in with wind and rain. The hills had wrapped thick mantles of mist about them, and had retired into private life. Visitors shook their heads as they peered out of the rain-streaked windows, and made up their minds to settle down for the day to novels, gossip, and letter-writing. Despite the wind and rain, Dr Mac set out for Kendal at an early hour with the avowed intention of hunting up some old friends. The vicar, too timid to tackle the widow by himself, kept to his own room, on the plea of having a sermon to compose. Miss Wynter might have been justified that day in her belief that her aunt's temper was not invariably the most angelic in the world.

Bella had enjoyed her picnic more, far more than her aunt was aware of. And yet the girl was troubled in her secret heart. Dick had never made love to her so audaciously before; in fact, the opportunity had never been afforded him; while she herself had never quite known till that day how dear he had become to her. Her training, almost from childhood, and her mode of life since her aunt had taken charge of her, had all tended to stifle the feelings natural to her age and sex, and to induce her to regard the sacrament of marriage as a mere question of pounds, shillings, and pence. Yet here, almost to her dismay, and very much to her mortification, because she felt that she could not help it, she found herself hopelessly in love with a man the amount of whose income seemed in her eyes little more than an equivalent for semi-genteel pauperism. What was to be done? Should she treat Dick after the fashion in which she had treated more than one man already? Now that she had brought him to her feet, should she turn her back on him with a little smile of triumph, and bid him farewell for ever? But then, she had never cared for those other men; while for Dick she did care very much. Whatever she might decide to do must be decided quickly. Dick, easy-going and full of fun as he might seem to be, was not a man to stand any shilly-shallying nonsense. As he stood for a moment or two on the dusky lawn with her hand in his after their return from the picnic, he had given her plainly to understand that he should expect a categorical 'Yes' or 'No' from her on Friday. And now Friday was here, and her mind was no nearer being made up than it had been on Wednesday. Not much appetite for her breakfast had Miss Wynter that morning.

As a matter of course, Mr Etheridge was introduced to Lady Renshaw. Her ladyship was very gracious indeed, when she found in what relation the pleasant-voiced, white-haired gentleman stood to Sir William Ridsdale, and that he was the bearer of a letter all the way from Spa for Mr Archie. With her usual penetration, her ladyship at once concluded in her own mind that the story about a letter for Archie was a mere

blind, and that the real object of Mr Etheridge's journey was to spy out the weakness of the land. In other words, Sir William had deputed him to ascertain all that could be ascertained respecting Madame De Vigne and her sister, their mode of life, antecedents, &c.; which, under the circumstances, was no doubt a laudable thing to do. In fact, all her ladyship's sympathies were on the side of Mr Etheridge, and she would most gladly have assisted him in his task, had she only seen her way clearly how to do so. She smiled to herself more than once, as she remarked how innocently all these good people around her accepted Mr Etheridge's version of the reason of his visit to Windermere, not one of them seeming to dream that there could possibly be anything in the background. But then, it is not given to all of us to be so far-seeing as the Lady Renshaws of this world.

As she rose from the breakfast-table this Friday morning she chanced to spy Mr Etheridge pacing the lawn in front of the windows with his hands clasped behind him. He was waiting for Clarice. The two were going on a little excursion together; but not to any distance, as Clarice thought that at any moment there might come a telegram from Archie. Lady Renshaw, seeing Mr Etheridge alone, could not resist the temptation of a little private conversation with him. She might perhaps be able to glean some information as to how matters were progressing; besides which, she had another motive in view.

'I trust that you left dear Sir William quite well, Mr Etheridge?' remarked her ladyship after the usual greetings had passed.

'Tolerable, ma'am, tolerable. At the best of times his health is never very robust; but there has been a considerable improvement in it of late—or he fancies there has, which comes, perhaps, to pretty much the same thing.—Probably Sir William has the honour of your ladyship's acquaintance?'

'N-no; I have never yet had the pleasure of meeting him. You see, he has lived so much abroad, otherwise I have no doubt we should have met at the house of some mutual acquaintance in town.'

Mr Etheridge coughed a dry little cough, but said nothing.

'Dear Archie, now, and I are old acquaintances. What a fine young fellow he is! So clever, you know, and all that. I'm sure Sir William must be proud of such a son.'

'Possibly so, madam—possibly so.'

Her ladyship was anxious to touch on delicate ground, but scarcely saw her way to begin. However, it was necessary to make a plunge, and she did not long hesitate.

'Between you and me, Mr Etheridge,' she said insinuatingly, 'don't you think it a great pity that a young man with Mr Archie's splendid prospects should seem so determined to throw himself away—no, perhaps I ought not to make use of that phrase—but—to—in short, to take up with a young lady like Miss Loraine, who, so far as any one knows, seems to have neither fortune, prospects, nor antecedents? To me, it seems a great, great pity.' She glanced sharply at her companion as she finished, anxious to note the effect of her words.

Mr Etheridge came to a halt, apparently engaged

in deep thought for a few moments before he replied. Then he said, speaking very deliberately: 'It does perhaps seem a pity, as you say, madam, that Mr Archie should be so infatuated with this young lady, when he might do so very differently, were he so minded.'

'I was quite sure that you would agree with me,' returned her ladyship in her most dulcet tones. 'But no doubt Mr Archie will listen to reason. When Sir William places the matter before him in its proper light, and proves to him how irretrievably he will ruin himself by contracting such an alliance, he will surely see that, in his case at least, inclination must give way to duty, and that his career in life must not be frustrated by the mere empty charms of a butterfly face.'

What her ladyship meant by a 'butterfly face' she did not condescend to explain.

'As to whether Mr Archie will listen to what your ladyship calls reason is a point upon which, as matters stand at present, I am scarcely competent to offer an opinion.'

'Sly old fox!' muttered her ladyship. 'He wasn't born yesterday. But he doesn't take me in with his innocent looks.'

She had another arrow left. 'Then, as regards the sister of Miss Loraine—this Madame De Vigne? A very charming person, no doubt; but that is not everything. I daresay, Mr Etheridge, your experience will tell you that the most charming of our sex are sometimes the most dangerous!'

Mr Etheridge bowed, but did not commit himself further.

'On all sides I hear people asking, "Who is Madame De Vigne? Where did she spring from? Who was Monsieur De Vigne? What was he, when alive?" Question after question asked, but no information vouchsafed. Ah, my dear Mr Etheridge, where there's concealment, there's mystery; and where there's mystery, there's—there's— Well, I won't say what there is.' Possibly her ladyship had not quite made up her mind what there was. 'In any case, Mr Etheridge,' she resumed, 'were I in your position, I should deem it imperative on me to make Sir William acquainted with everything, down to the most minute particulars. You are on the spot; you can see and hear for yourself. Of course, it would be a dreadful thing if, after Mr Archie were married to the young lady, something discreditable were to turn up—some family secret, perhaps, that would not bear the light of day; some scandal, it may be, that could only be spoken of in whispers. For Sir William's sake, if not for that of our dear, foolish Archie, everything should be made as clear as daylight before it is too late. I hope you agree with me, Mr Etheridge?'

'Quite, madam—quite.—What a splendid man of business your ladyship would have made, if you will excuse me for saying so. Sir William shall be made acquainted with everything. I will see to that; yes, yes; I will see to that.'

'He is a spy, then, after all,' said Lady Renshaw complacently to herself.

At this moment, Clarice emerged from the hotel. Lady Renshaw greeted her with a smile of much amiability. 'I trust that dear Madame De Vigne is better this morning?' she said. 'I

have been so grieved by her indisposition. But, really, on Wednesday I myself found the heat most trying. I cannot wonder at her prostration.'

'My sister is a little better this morning, thank you, Lady Renshaw,' answered Clarice in her gently serious way. 'I trust that by to-morrow she will be well enough to join us downstairs.'

'I hope so, with all my heart,' answered her ladyship with as much fervour as if she were repeating a response at church.

After a few more words, Clarice and Mr Etheridge went their way. As her ladyship turned to go indoors, Miss Wynter, escorted by Mr Golightly in his boating flannels, emerged from the hotel. They had breakfasted an hour before her ladyship, who was a somewhat late riser. Dick had said to Bella at table: 'I want you to go on the water this morning. It's going to be a bit cloudy later on, I think, and it's just possible that the perch may be in the humour for biting.'

'As if he cared a fig about the perch!' said Bella to herself. 'The wretch only wants to get me into a boat all to himself, and then he thinks he can say what he likes to me.' She trembled a little, feeling that the crisis of her fate was at hand. She would have liked to mutiny and say, 'I shan't go,' as under similar circumstances she would have said to any other man. But with Dick, poor Dick! who had run such risks for her sake, and had done so much to win her, she felt that she could not be so cruel. Besides, she had a woman's natural curiosity to hear what he would say. 'And I needn't say "Yes" unless I choose to,' she remarked to herself; but in her heart of hearts she knew that her 'No,' if uttered at all, would be a very faint one indeed. As it was, she merely looked at him a little superciliously for a moment or two, and then quietly assented.

'I trust, dear Mr Golightly, that you are thoroughly competent to manage a boat?' remarked her ladyship, when she had been told where the young people were going.

'Rather,' answered Richard a little brusquely. 'I didn't pull stroke in the Camford Eight, seven years ago, for nothing.'

'I only spoke because I'm told that the lake is most treacherous, and that a year rarely passes without one or more fatalities.—Bella, darling, I think you ought to have taken a warmer shawl with you. The air on the water is often chilly.' Then in an aside: 'Be careful what you are about. If he proposes, only accept him provisionally. This affair of Archie Ridsdale's is by no means at an end yet.'

Bella nodded. 'Too late, aunty, too late,' she said to herself. 'I'm very much afraid that I can't help myself.'

Lady Renshaw, as she turned away, remarked to herself: 'I'm not sure that young Golightly is quite such a nincompoop as I took him to be at first. But in any case, Bella ought to be able to twist him round her finger.'

Clarice had not left her sister many minutes when Nanette entered her mistress's room carrying a note on a salver. It was simply addressed, 'Madame De Vigne.' One glance at the writing was enough. Mora remembered it too well. She

turned sick at heart as she took the note. 'You need not wait,' she said to Nanette. As soon as she was alone, she sank down on the ottoman and tore open the envelope. The note, which was written in French, ran as follows:

'I have not troubled you since our last interview. I have left you alone, that you might have time to think over what I said to you. But I have had no message from you, and this long delay begins to irritate me. I must know at once what you intend to do. I propose to call upon you at seven o'clock this evening. I need not say more.—LAROCHÉ.'

Madame De Vigne sat staring at the letter for some minutes, as though the reading of its contents had taken from her all power of sense or feeling. Then waking up as if from a trance, she said to herself: 'It must be done; there is no other course.' She touched the tiny gong at her elbow. Nanette appeared. 'Inquire whether Colonel Woodruffe is in the hotel,' she said. 'If he is, tell him that I should like to see him here at his convenience.'

(To be concluded next month.)

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

It has long been understood that the vaults of the British Museum contained many treasures for which no space could be found in those parts of the building accessible to the public. But the removal of the Natural History Collection to its new home at South Kensington has placed a series of spacious galleries at the disposal of the authorities, and these are now being filled with the hitherto hidden antiquities. Among the most interesting of these is a collection of tablets bearing inscriptions relating to Babylonian history. One is a Babylonian Calendar, from which it would appear that in Babylon the superstition existed of certain days in the year being either lucky or unlucky. This book of fate had to be consulted before performing various acts of domestic life. The same superstition is common to the Chinese, and seems akin to the astrological fictions prevalent in Europe a few centuries back.

Mr Petrie, whose excavations at San (Zoan) have been adverted to more than once in these pages, has now returned to England, and has recently given an account of his work at a meeting of the subscribers to the Egypt Exploration Fund. He has examined more than twenty sites of ancient cities and remains, and speaks of certain ground so thickly strewn with early Greek pottery 'that the potsherds crackled under the feet as one walked over it.' He pointed out that the main object with regard to San—a city built seven years before Hebron—was to gain knowledge of the unknown period of the Shepherd kings. But the work will occupy several years, for the district to be explored covers some square miles, and the remains are in many cases lying beneath eighty feet of earth. The Exploration Fund shows a balance of two thousand pounds, a circumstance partly due to the liberality of our American cousins, who are greatly interested in the work.

It is proposed to found at Athens a British School of Archaeology, the aim of which will be to promote the study of Greek art and architecture, the study of inscriptions, the exploration of ancient sites, and to promote generally researches into Hellenic life and literature. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales is President of the General Committee, which includes a large number of distinguished representatives of our universities and schools. Sufficient money has already been subscribed to start the enterprise, but more will be required for its maintenance. Subscriptions may be sent to Mr Walter Leaf, Old Change, London, or to Professor Jebb, at the University, Glasgow.

The French Minister of Agriculture some time ago commissioned a Professor of the Collège de France to experiment upon the best method of destroying the winter eggs of the *Phylloxera*, it having been ascertained that that line of attack was the most efficient in dealing with that terrible scourge of the vineyard. After several trials, a mixture of oil, naphtha, quicklime, and water has been tested on a large scale with the most successful results. It was of course easy enough to hit upon a chemical compound which would kill the eggs, but not so easy to find one which would not destroy the vine at the same time. The remedy is not only efficient, but cheap.

For some years, Dr Jaeger, of Germany, has been preaching a new hygienic doctrine, which has quickly gained disciples in the Fatherland and in other countries as well. Under the title of Sanitary Clothing, this new creed teaches that our dress requires a far more radical change than is indicated in the philosophy of so-called dress-reformers. Here is the pith of the matter. Man being an animal, should follow the dictates of nature by wearing only clothing made from wool and similar animal products. Cotton, linen, &c., are harmful in collecting the emanations from the skin, whilst animal textures assist in their evaporation. At the same time, animal clothing is warmest in winter, and coolest in summer, and by its adoption we might count upon the same immunity from disease as is seen in well-cared-for domestic animals. By night as well as by day we must shun contact with vegetable fibres. Sheets must give place to wool and camel-hair coverings. It is obvious that, besides revolutionising the Englishman's innate regard for 'clean linen,' the general adoption of these new tenets would cause a revolution in trade, and would therefore at once court opposition; but for all this, the doctrine seems to have a considerable amount of common-sense about it.

A very pleasant and interesting ceremony was witnessed on Scarborough sands the other day, where a large collection of donkeys and ponies were assembled in review order. A few gentlemen have for the past two years subscribed for prizes to be offered at the end of each season to those drivers who can show their beasts in good condition and bearing the signs of kind treatment. This was the second distribution of the kind. There are many seaside places and other spots of popular resort where this good example might be followed with much advantage.

Lord Brabazon utters a useful note of warning when he points out, what has long been patent to

many observers, that there is a deterioration in physique of the inhabitants of the more crowded portions of our cities. Want of food, exercise, and fresh air are the causes of this decline. He points out that in this year's drill competition of School Board scholars it was clearly noticeable that those children from the poorest and most crowded districts were of shorter stature than the others. As a partial remedy for this lamentable state of things, Lord Brabazon advocates more variety in the system of education, and begs the authorities to remember that the body should be cared for as well as the brain. He pleads also that cookery, needlework, and the knowledge of a few simple rules for maintaining the body in health, will be of more value to a girl than a smattering of French, and that a boy will make a better citizen for having been trained to use his hands as well as his head in honest labour.

It is stated that a Wild Birds' Protection Act is much needed in several parts of our Indian possessions. The birds have been hunted down for the sake of their bright plumage, until in some districts certain species are almost exterminated. The frightened agriculturists are now calling out for protection for their feathered friends, for insects of various kinds are increasing to an alarming extent, and are playing sad havoc with the crops.

According to the *Building News*, another curious use has been found for paper. At Indianapolis, a skating rink has been constructed of this ubiquitous material. Straw-boards are first of all pasted together, and are subjected to hydraulic pressure, and these when sawn into flooring-boards are laid so that their edges are uppermost. After being rubbed with glass paper, a surface is obtained so smooth and hard, and at the same time exhibiting such adhesive properties, that it is well adapted for the modern roller-skates. It is also stated that in Sweden old decaying moss has been manufactured into a kind of cardboard which can be moulded in various ways for the purposes of house decoration. It is said to be as hard as wood, and will take an excellent polish.

When we read the account of some fatal gas explosion, we are always prepared to find the oft repeated tale of the foolish one who goes to look for the leak with a lighted candle. A recent explosion of this kind in Paris has led to the appointment of a Commission to determine the best manner of searching for gas-escapes. It has been now decided that an electric incandescent light fed by an accumulator—or secondary battery—shall be rendered obligatory for such operations, and suitable apparatus has been selected and approved. It now remains to be seen where the lamps are to be kept, how they are to be always charged ready for use, and whether the foolhardy folk who court explosion with a naked candle or match will ever trouble themselves at all about the provision made for their protection.

Japan has the unenviable distinction of being the one spot on this globe where earthquakes are most frequent, and therefore it may be assumed that the Seismological Society of Japan has plenty of work to do. In the last issue of the 'Transactions' of this useful body of workers, there is a good paper by Professor Milne on

Earth Tremors. The study of these slight movements of our great mother is called microseismology, and a number of exceedingly ingenious instruments have been contrived for identifying and self-recording them. From the fact that earthquakes are generally preceded by great activity in the way of tremors, it is hoped that reliable means may be found of forecasting those terrible occurrences. Professor Milne supposes earth tremors to be 'slight vibratory motions produced in the soil by the bending and crackling of rocks, caused by their rise upon the relief of atmospheric pressure.' Another investigator thinks that they may be the result of an increased escape of vapour from molten material beneath the crust of the earth consequent upon a relief of external pressure. In other words, these premonitory symptoms are developed when the barometer is low.

Messrs Manlove and Company, engineers at Manchester, Leeds, &c., in calling our attention to a paragraph which appeared some months back in this *Journal* descriptive of a street-refuse furnace or 'destructor,' point out that that title was given to an apparatus of their invention some years ago, which is now in successful operation in various parts of the kingdom. Owing to the word 'destructor' not having been protected by copyright, it has been applied by other inventors to more recent contrivances.

A New Jersey capitalist has lately planted a vast area in Florida with cocoa-palms, and he expects in a few years to rival the most extensive groves of these trees in other parts. The plantation covers one thousand acres, and each acre numbers one hundred trees. They will not yield any return for the first six years; but at the end of that time a profit of ten per cent. on a valuation of two million dollars is looked for, the original cost of planting being only forty thousand dollars. The trees, we learn, will flourish only within a certain distance of the sea-coast, and each full-grown tree produces annually sixty nuts. We presume that the estimated profits take into consideration the processes of oil-extraction and fibre-dressing, which necessarily follow in the wake of cocoa-nut cultivation.

The International Health Exhibition has been even more financially successful than its predecessor 'The Fisheries,' for the total number of persons who passed its turnstiles is more than four millions, a number equal to the population of London itself. The Exhibition of Inventions which is to open next year has met with some unexpected but not unnatural opposition from some of our great manufacturers. These complain that competition with foreign countries is so keen just now that it will be a national mistake to exhibit for the benefit of others, machinery and processes which have deservedly earned for Britain a proud pre-eminence in various manufactured products. They point out that a patent is very little protection in such a case, because of the ease with which, in other countries at least, it can be infringed, and because of the difficulty and expense of tracing the delinquents. It is probable that for this reason many of our manufacturers will stand aloof, or will only exhibit such things as comprise no trade secrets.

The dwellers in a certain part of suburban

London have hitherto been in the happy possession of artesian wells on their premises, from which they could draw a never-failing supply of good water. They feared not the calls of the water-rate collector, and looked with indifference at the disputes with the Water Companies going on around them. But suddenly they have been rudely awakened from their pleasant dream of security, for their wells have run dry. An enterprising Water Company has sunk a deeper well than any of the others; and as water will insist on finding the lowest level, the smaller fountains have been merged into the big one.

No one likes to pay exorbitantly, especially for such a necessary as water, but the system of artesian wells is hardly suitable to a crowded city. In London itself, many pumps have been closed because of the dangerous contamination of the subterranean water by sewage and proximity to graveyards, &c. As a case in point, the city of New York, instead of drawing its water-supply from a hundred miles' distance—as London does from the hills of Gloucestershire—has to seek it underground. Lately, the cholera scare has frightened people into a sense of insecurity; and inquiry shows that leakage of sewers has rendered the New York water unsafe, and it has been condemned by the city Board of Health. This is of course hard upon those who have sunk wells at great expense; but we have all to learn the lesson that the individual must occasionally suffer for the public weal.

A clever imitation of amber, which it is difficult to distinguish from the genuine fossil gum, is made from a mixture of copal, camphor, turpentine, and other compounds. It exhibits attraction and repulsion on being rubbed, like real amber (*electron*), which because of the same properties has given its name to the science of electricity. It is now being largely manufactured into ornaments and mouthpieces for pipes. It will not bear the same amount of heat that genuine amber will withstand, and it softens in ether. These two tests are sufficient to distinguish it from the genuine article.

The great ship-canal between St Petersburg and the small fortified town of Cronstadt, which up to this time has been the actual port of Peter the Great's city for all vessels drawing more than nine feet of water, has at last been opened, the work of construction having occupied about six years. The canal is nearly twenty miles long, it has an average width of about two hundred feet, and is twenty-two feet in depth. Apart from its importance commercially both to Russia and the traders of other countries, who before were subject to the cost of transhipment of goods going to St Petersburg, the canal will have a strategical value. Ships of war could now retreat up the canal if Cronstadt were attacked, and could, if required, emerge from the security of the waterway fully equipped and ready for action.

That small creature called the weevil, whose depredations were always understood to be confined to grain and biscuits, has lately developed a taste for tobacco. In America, smokers have found to their disgust that both cigarettes and cigars are riddled through and through by this pest, the creature confining his attention to the choicest brands. This discovery has had a most

prejudicial effect upon the cigarette trade in New York and Philadelphia. It is said that in some factories the weevil is swarming from cellar to garret.

The chairman of the Western Railway Company of France has lately volunteered a statement respecting the behaviour of the Westinghouse brake, which has been in use on that line for rather more than four years. In this statement we find a list of accidents which have been avoided by the use of the brake, and these accidents are classified under different heads, such as Collisions, Obstacles on the Line, Rolling-stock not removed in time, and so forth. Upwards of forty disasters have been clearly avoided by the prompt use of the brake. On the other hand, the brake itself will sometimes get out of order and refuse to act at the critical moment. How many accidents, we wonder, have already occurred from this cause! We may mention in this connection, that a meeting of the friends of the killed and injured in the Peniston disaster has been held, and that it has been resolved that a test action should be brought against the Railway Company concerned, on the ground that to send out a train with an insufficient brake, after the Board of Trade have for seven years laid down certain conditions, is a wrongful act. The necessary money has been raised without difficulty.

The recent exhibition of the Photographic Society was a very interesting one, the pictures shown, a large proportion of which were by amateur photographers, indicating a very high average of excellence. The modern gelatine dry-plate system, with its ease of working and its cleanliness, has attracted a number of amateurs, who, a few years back, under the old condition of things would never have dreamt of handling a camera. Indeed, aspirants to photographic fame have become so numerous of late, that a special journal, *The Amateur Photographer*, has been started in their interests, and bids fair to attain a wide circulation.

The vexed question as to how long a gelatine plate can be kept between the moment of exposure and its after-development, has been partially answered in a satisfactory manner by a certain picture in the Photographic Exhibition. It was taken in July 1880, and not developed till four years afterwards. No one would guess, from looking at it, that the plate which received the light impression had been kept so long before that impression was made visible by development.

The *Times* correspondent at the Philadelphia Exhibition gives an interesting account of the electric lighting system in that city. The Brush Company there supply arc-lights to the streets and the shops. The charge amounts to as much as fifty pounds per light per annum; but the people are content to pay this for a brighter light than gas will afford. There are no fewer than fourteen towns in the States which are lighted in this manner; and the writer of the account thinks that the English public and the English manufacturers have perhaps been rather hasty in condemning the light on insufficient grounds. We are disposed to think that the light has had a very fair trial here. Many of our railway stations and public thoroughfares have been

illuminated by electricity, and many of them have discarded it. In a word, it does not pay. With improved appliances, which are sure to appear, we may nevertheless still regard it as the light of the future.

It may interest many of our readers to know, since the ambulance classes which have been established in most of our large towns have drawn attention to the subject, that a small case or chest, containing the requisites for ready treatment of injuries, may be had for a moderate sum. This case, first introduced at the Sunderland Infirmary Bazaar by the inventor, Mr R. H. Mushens of that town, is intended for use in shipbuilding yards and large factories where accidents are likely to occur. As in many instances the life of an injured man depends on prompt and ready treatment, and as a considerable time may elapse before the appearance of a doctor, the advantage of such a handy means of assistance to employers of labour will be at once apparent. The case is twenty-one inches long, nine broad, and seven deep, and is furnished with a brass handle for carrying it about from place to place. It contains a complete set of splints; roller and Esmarch bandages for finger, hand, arm, head, and broken ribs; tourniquet for arresting bleeding; strapping-plaster; sponge, scissors, Carron oil, &c., with printed hints regarding the rendering of assistance to, and the removal of the injured. The use of such simple appliances does not do away with the necessity of the presence of a doctor, but it may save the life of the injured person, and simplify matters very much for the doctor by the time he has reached the sufferer.

THE MISSING CLUE.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE SEARCH.—CONCLUSION.

RISING early in the morning, mine host's solitary guest had ventured out on foot for a walk through the village. Having passed the last of the straggling cottages, he now stood beneath the frowning portal of the ruined monastery. It was Christmas morning, and all was silent here, silent as the voices of those who built the pile which they vainly thought would have 'canopied their bones till Doomsday.' Of the stately abbey church which had once lifted its head so proudly over the fen, and beneath whose shadow slept the ill-fated baronet, but one ruined wing remained, and in this the snowdrift had accumulated to the depth of several feet. Straight from the north-east, soaring through the dark mist that gathered thickly out to the seaward, a screaming gull flapped on its way—a certain harbinger of more rough weather to come. As it passed near, the bird's discordant cry roused Ainslie from the moralising train of reflections in which he had been indulging, and turning back, he slowly retraced his steps to the *Saxonford Arms*.

Breakfast having been partaken of in the quaint old room up-stairs, mine host saw no more of his visitor for the rest of the morning. A few customers dropped in from the hamlet, and under the combined influence of strong ale and lusty singing, the company—old Hobb included—got quite merry. Dinner-time came

at last, and Christmas cheer was conveyed to the solitary guest above.

More of the villagers put in their appearance during the afternoon, and the babel of tongues in the *Saxonford* bar waxed somewhat deafening. It is quiet enough up-stairs. As the evening draws on, the merry-makers gather closely round the fire, and one of them—an uncouth figure with restless eyes—relates a weird Jack-o'-lantern tale. Afterwards come more songs, finishing with a right rousing chorus, and then the company leave in a body, to return again later on for still more uproarious merriment. Old Dipping, who is now left alone, steals to the foot of the stairs and listens, inwardly hoping that his visitor has not been disturbed by the confusion and noise which for the past two hours have gone on beneath him. He does not wait there long. The sound of a door opening is heard, and then an excited voice shouts from above: 'Landlord!'

'He must be in a temper,' thinks old Hobb, as he slowly toils up the staircase and enters his visitor's dining apartment.

The lieutenant's eye is wild and his manner strange. He motions to Dipping to shut the door. 'I'm sorry, sir'—begins the landlord apologetically.

'Sorry! What for?' interrupts Reginald. 'Look at that! Do you mean to tell me you are sorry, now?'

On the table was the black box!

Old Dipping could only stand and gape. 'Where did you find it, sir?' he at length falters out.

'Find it!' answers his excited guest. 'Why, under that loose board by the window! I've been searching here all day long with scarcely a hope of turning anything up. What a lottery life is!—Get me a knife, a hammer, anything that will wrench the lid off. Quick, man, quick!'

Old Dipping disappeared and shortly returned with a chisel, that being the only article he could find which was in any way likely to suit his visitor's requirements. Seizing upon it, Ainslie endeavoured to force the lid off the mysterious box. His efforts are for some minutes paralysed by his own precipitate violence, and old Hobb groans impatiently. At length the fastenings can resist no longer; hinges and locks give way, and the lid flies off, disclosing to view a quantity of time-coloured papers and parchments. Beneath these, at the bottom of the box, is a coarse canvas bag, which on being opened is found to contain about a score of guineas in gold. These the lieutenant tosses aside, much to the surprise of Hobb Dipping, who looks upon ready-money as being far more valuable than any papers could possibly be. Various documents are one by one read and laid aside. Many of them appear to be letters of correspondence from persons of rank, and the greater portion are expressed in language which is enigmatical to Ainslie, but which he rightly conjectures as relating to the Jacobite plots in which his scheming uncle had been engaged. Not the slightest hint can be twisted out of any one that at all refers to the subject upon which our hero had hoped to be enlightened. After all, the discovery appears to be very much like a failure.

'There—there's somethin' in that bag you've overlooked, sir,' nervously remarks the landlord, who has been watching his visitor's actions with a trembling kind of interest.

'Ay, so there is.' And a precious something it turns out to be. At the bottom of the bag which Reginald had so carelessly tossed aside is an old parchment cipher alphabet.

'Landlord,' says Ainslie, whose fleeting hopes have once more risen to a fever-heat, 'this may or may not be—I know not which—the very clue I hoped to find here. Be it so, or be it not, at anyrate this money shall go to you,' and he thrust it across the table towards the wondering innkeeper.—'No thanks,' he added, seeing that old Dipping was about to speak. 'Leave me alone now. I must be quiet.'

The landlord carefully gathers up the gold and goes out, amazed at such unlooked-for generosity.

'Now for it!'

At the top of the scrap of paper which Reginald had obtained when he first entered the house was a bold, curious kind of monogram; underneath this were two words, which, on being interpreted by means of the cipher alphabet, read as NUMBER TWO. Thus far all was plain sailing; but as our agitated hero proceeded with his task, his heart sank within him, for the meaning of the translation seemed well-nigh as obscure as the document was itself. When the whole of the intricate writing which covered the paper had been followed up letter by letter, it ran in ordinary language in this style:

Read the

Second word of the first line.
Third word of the second line.
First, sixth, seventh, and eighth words of the third line.
Seventh and eighth words of the fourth line.
First word of the fifth line.
First, fourth, and seventh words of the sixth line.
Fifth word of the seventh line.
Fourth and fifth words of the eighth line.
First and sixth words of the ninth line.
Second and third words of the tenth line.
Tenth word of the eleventh line.
First, second, and seventh words of the twelfth line.
Fourth, sixth, and seventh words of the thirteenth line.
Third word of the fourteenth line.
Second, sixth, and seventh words of the fifteenth line.
Sixth and seventh words of the sixteenth line.
Sixth, seventh, and eighth words of the seventeenth line.
Seventh word of the eighteenth line.
Second and sixth words of the nineteenth line.
First, second, and sixth words of the twentieth line.
Fifth word of the twenty-first line.
Eighth, ninth, tenth, and eleventh words of the twenty-second line.
Sixth and seventh words of the twenty-third line.
Second word of the twenty-fifth line.

CARNABY VINCENT.

These incomprehensible lines would have the effect of reducing the feelings of most persons to a depth of sickening disappointment. But Reginald was not to be beaten so easily. A moment's reflection convinced him that this singular table could only be the key to some letter or paper which had contained an important secret. Important it must have been, else why should such scrupulous care have been taken to effect its concealment?

What sudden half-formed thought is that which shoots across Ainslie's mind as he gazes on the monogram at the top of the paper? Quickly

unfastening the breast of his coat, the young officer takes therefrom a strongly bound pocket-book, and opening it in the same hasty manner, draws forth from among a miscellaneous collection of papers the identical letter which Sir Carnaby had intrusted on the night of his death to his servant Derrick's charge.

By this letter hangs a tale. When Derrick, while still lingering in the neighbourhood of the *Saxonford Arms*, was informed of Sir Carnaby's death by a labourer who had heard the facts from the mouth of old Dipping himself, he resolved that, since he could no longer help his master, he would at least execute his last commands. In this, however, he was providentially disappointed. On arriving at the Grange, after a long and wearisome ride, he received the startling news that Captain Hollis—to whom he should have delivered the note—had been that morning arrested on a charge of high-treason. Completely foiled in his well-meant endeavours, Derrick now thought only of his own safety. Sir Henry Ainslie's country-seat on the borders of Suffolk, he chose to be his next destination; and thither the attendant went, intending to acquaint his unfortunate master's relatives of the catastrophe which had occurred. The journey was not accomplished without grievous difficulty, due in a great measure to his wounded arm. A low lingering fever followed immediately upon his arrival at the Hall; and when Derrick at length recovered sufficiently to have some sense of his situation, Sir Henry Ainslie was lying under the sod, having died while in the act of imparting to his wife a secret of which he was the sole remaining possessor. The attendant's sad tale was briefly told; but neither that nor the singular letter which he delivered, threw a spark of additional information upon the subject. Notwithstanding this, the peculiar character of Sir Carnaby's epistle warranted its being preserved; while, as Reginald grew towards manhood, and laid Derrick's tale more and more to heart, he not unfrequently carried his uncle's letter about with him, vaguely hoping that some clue might turn up which would eventually solve the mystery. This was his object in bringing it on the present occasion; and now he sits eagerly comparing the translated document with the letter which he had kept for so many years. The contents of the latter ran as follows:

DEAR SIR—

My son Harry informs me that your wager on my horse is taken. I have had much bad health lately, and have been forced to keep my bed. I have not seen your nag run in consequence, but hope to have the pleasure soon. Squire Norris left us yesterday; he only offered one hundred against Martin's thousand; but Martin was too deep for that, and in the end the bet fell through. My wine is in a bad state just now, for the cellar is all under water. I regret purchasing this house, instead of the Hall, though I dare say the latter is not half so good. I do not think we shall return to the Grange, but shall know before long; if so, I trust you will come and stay there. Hunters are hard to get; it seems as if they were all going out of the county. The Meet saw nothing of me for some time

after that accident I had, and Warton was greatly in want of help. My arm is better now; but I shall not be able to use it for some time. Remember to deliver our good wishes to the parson; may he never have cause to regret his choice.—Your sincere
C. V. MORTON.

This very ordinary specimen of letter-writing was headed by a monogram similar to that which Ainslie had noticed on the scrap of paper, coupled with the words **NUMBER ONE**. Many speculations had been made as to what these hieroglyphics might refer to, but up to the present moment their meaning has remained unsolved. Will they be solved now? Can there be any connection between the letter Derrick had failed to deliver and this incomprehensible document marked **NUMBER TWO**? What does the interpretation of the latter say?

Read the
Second word of the first line.
Third word of the second line.
Fifth, sixth, &c. words of the third line.

Instinctively following these directions, Reginald applied them to his unfortunate uncle's letter, and produced therefrom, to his surprise and delight, the sentence—'Sir Harry is taken.'

The meaning of this was obvious. Reginald's father, Sir Henry Ainslie, was known in his lifetime among a circle of Jacobite acquaintances as plain 'Sir Harry,' and the writer had evidently been alluding to his apprehension in 1745.

Reginald pursued the method with as much deliberation as the excited state of his feelings at the moment would admit of; and by means of underlining such words as the key mentions, soon extracted the pith from Sir Carnaby's letter:

Sir Harry is taken. I have been forced to run, but have left one hundred thousand deep in the cellar under Waterhouse Hall. I dare not return, but shall trust you to get it out. Meet me after that, and help to use it for our good cause.

He had found the Missing Clue at last! Sir Carnaby's scheme was as clear as open daylight. The spell of this intricate labyrinth, which the plotting baronet had formed to protect his secret message, had been dissolved as if by the wave of an enchanter's wand.

Roused to action by his discovery, and burning to know the truth of it without delay, Ainslie at once descended to the room below, and communicated to Hobb Dipping his intention of starting early the next morning.

The whole story was plain to the young soldier. Sir Carnaby Vincent, whose adherent loyalty to the House of Stuart greatly resembled that of many of his Cavalier forefathers, had determined, like a true subject, to expend his wealth in prospering the beloved cause. For this purpose, the young baronet had combined the money he had raised with that of Sir Henry Ainslie, and secreted the whole amount in a small country-house known as 'Waterhouse Hall,' there to remain until a favourable opportunity should present itself for using it according to their wishes. The explosion of the Jacobite plot, however, occurred before any measures could be taken for the removal of the money, and Sir

Carnaby in his flight was obliged to have recourse to Captain Hollis, an intimate friend, and an ardent participator in his schemes against the government. It was customary among these as among other plotters in state affairs, to communicate with each other in what is termed cipher; and here at last Reginald was in possession of the key to the letter he had carried about for so many years. Most fortunately, as it happened, Waterhouse Hall—the only piece of property which Sir Carnaby had not parted with or mortgaged, but which he had reserved mainly for the purpose mentioned—escaped any official sequestration after the baronet's death, so that his sister Lady Ainslie, to whom it reverted, was able to take possession of this solitary remnant of the family estates, which eventually became her home.

Next morning, Reginald left the *Saxonford Arms*, starting at dawn, and checking not his horse's stride until he beheld before him the towers and pinnacles of Fridswold Minster.

As the dissected parts of a puzzle are put together piece by piece, so has this mystery been worked out until one part only remains to be added before we bid adieu to the reader.

Sir Carnaby's 'hundred thousand' had not left the cellar in which it had been deposited fifteen long years before; but so deep down was it, that considerable perseverance had to be expended in bringing this precious sum to light. He was now able to fulfil the conditions which had hitherto prevented him from claiming Amy Thorpe as his own; and the stern old colonel, before many years had passed, was content to find his happiness in that of his daughter and her husband, and among the sturdy little grandchildren that clustered on his knees and clung about his neck. Lieutenant Ainslie left the army and took to politics; and ere long it was rumoured in the county that his loyalty and services to his party were to be rewarded by the removal of the old attainer, and the restoration of his family title. He was shortly thereafter spoken of as Sir Reginald, and no one grudged him the restoration of the ancient and honourable title of his family.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

A NOVEL PEAL OF BELLS.

IN many parts of England, bell-ringing has of late years made great strides as an art, and has been taken up, studied, and practised by a class of persons who, from their intelligence, education, and position, are altogether very different from the 'bell-ringers' of the olden day. We now constantly hear of the 'Society of Diocesan Bell-ringers for the Diocese of So-and-so'; and on inquiry, we shall find that the members of these Societies are mostly professional men, men in business, respectable tradesmen, and such-like, and very often clergymen as well. A remarkable instance occurred recently where the ringers were clergymen. This interesting exhibition took place on Thursday the 2d of October, at the village of Drayton, near Abingdon, Berkshire, where there happens to be a peal of eight fine bells in the parish church, of which

the Rev. F. E. Robinson is vicar, and to whose energy and spirit this experiment is due. The clerical ringers were all members of the 'Ancient Society of College Youths of London,' and the 'Oxford University Society of Change-ringers,' both Societies being celebrated for their skill in this art. The peal rung is technically described as 'Thurstan's peal of 5,040 Stedman Triples true and complete,' and this took nearly three hours to accomplish, and was conducted by the vicar, who himself rang bell number seven.

A STEAM-FERRY ON THE THAMES.

The inhabitants of Woolwich and neighbourhood, with praiseworthy energy, have determined to take the question of a bridge or ferry across the Thames into their own hands and decide the matter for themselves, as they were, we presume, pretty well tired out by the endless talk and procrastination of the government authorities, who have spoken for years of a swing-bridge below the Pool, without anything ever coming of it. A steam-ferry is now proposed, by which vans and carts of any weight can be transported without delay or difficulty from one side of the river to the other, at a small cost. Where the traffic will be greatest there will be one tidal, and two travelling platforms, to be constructed on an improved principle; and the stagings will be so arranged as to avoid any inclines for horses and heavy loads. The tidal platform will be managed by machinery as the tide rises and falls so as to bring its deck to a level with the deck of the ferry-boat, and is to be worked automatically by means of electricity. The ferry-boats will be fitted with double engines and twin screws, and lighted with the electric light, and they will run every twenty minutes throughout the day. Return tickets and workmen's tickets will be granted, and every facility provided for the convenience of passengers. As the banks of the Thames near to both North and South Woolwich are the centres of an enormous industry, it is morally certain that the scheme of steam-ferries, where there is no bridge for many miles, will pay well; and as the capital required to start with is estimated at only fifteen thousand pounds, it will doubtless be soon forthcoming, and the scheme speedily be an established fact. This resolute energy, on the part of private individuals, forms a striking contrast to the time-losing and money-spending schemes of the Metropolitan Board of Works, who proposed to lay out the modest sum of seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds on one single swing-bridge!

UTILISATION OF SEWAGE.

To many large and growing towns, the disposal of the sewage is becoming a serious matter, and while several large towns are just now contemplating the expenditure of very large sums for the purpose of getting rid of it, a Company has been formed, and works have been erected at Shrewsbury with a view to utilising this valuable waste material. The process by which this Company profess to be able, without creating a nuisance, (1) to purify the sewage so that the effluent water is sufficiently pure to be

admitted into any river, within the requirements of the Rivers' Pollutions Prevention Act, and (2) to produce 'native guano,' is very simple. As the sewage enters the works, clay, charcoal, and blood are added as deodorisers; and after thorough mixing, a solution of sulphate of alumina is added, by which the dissolved and suspended impurities are quickly precipitated in one or other of the settling tanks, from the fourth of which the water runs without further treatment into the river. Dr Wallace reports that the sewage as it enters the works contains 37.5 per cent. of suspended organic and inorganic matter, but that in the effluent water there were only the merest traces of either. By experiment it has been found that in this water fish will live for months. The deposit is then removed from the tank, and, by means of pressure and artificial heat, is deprived of its moisture, till it obtains the consistency and appearance of dry earth. It is then ready for market, and is in such demand, that as yet the Company are unable to overtake all orders, though seventy shillings per ton is charged.

ELECTRICITY AS A BRAKE.

A new electric brake, recently invented by an American, named Walcker, and which is already in use in America, was lately tried on a tramway between Turin and Piosasso, with remarkable results. It is reported that by means of this brake two cars, running at a speed of about twenty-two miles per hour, were stopped in the short space of six seconds, and within a distance of twenty yards. This, if reliable, is a great achievement certainly, and will doubtless lead to further and more extensive experiment, and possibly to its general adoption. The brake is at present being exhibited in the Turin Exhibition.

MAKING OF MUMMIES.

An extraordinary subject was brought forward at the recent meeting of the Social Science Congress, namely, the actual making of modern mummies. A paper was read on this question by Mr Thomas Bayley, of Birmingham, going fully into the objections raised to cremation, the most important, as far as legal points are concerned, being, that cremation does away with all evidence of foul-play, which must be lost the moment the body is destroyed. In the face of this grave difficulty, the paper proposes a plan by which the dead may be easily preserved for an indefinite time after death, so as to be at any moment recognisable and in a fit state for analysis, examination, or otherwise as may be necessary—the body, in fact, becoming a perfect mummy. This curious position is arrived at by enveloping the body in cotton-wool; it is then placed in an air-tight case, and exposed, in a subterranean gallery lined with cement, to the action of cold air, which is dried and purified from putrefactive bacteria. After this, air at a higher temperature is used in the same way; and the result of the process is the manufacture of a complete mummy, with the integument remaining white, and the body entire. And herein this new process differs from that adopted by the ancient Egyptians, who were specially careful to remove the interior portions of both

the trunk and the head, their place being supplied with peppers, spices, and other aromatic herbs. It is a somewhat delicate question to ask whether this curious suggestion will ever become popular with Englishmen, or Europeans in general; but there can be no doubt, in questions where suspicion of murder has arisen and yet cannot be proved, that the preservation of the body of the deceased in such an ingenious manner would be eminently satisfactory to the relatives of the supposed victim, because the body is always at hand, intact and ready for careful examination at any moment, on the discovery of fresh evidence, or otherwise.

TURNING WOOD INTO METAL.

Our readers may not be aware of a process whereby wood can be almost turned into metal; that is to say the surface becomes so hard and smooth that it is susceptible of a high polish, and may be treated with a burnisher of either glass or porcelain. The appearance of the wood is then in every respect that of polished metal, and has the semblance of a metallic mirror, only with this peculiar and important difference, that, unlike metal, it is unaffected by moisture. The process by which this curious fact is arrived at may be briefly described. The wood is steeped in a bath of caustic alkali for two or three days, according to its degree of permeability, at a temperature of between one hundred and sixty-four and one hundred and ninety-seven degrees of Fahrenheit. It is then placed in a second bath of hydrosulphate of calcium, to which a concentrated solution of sulphur is added after twenty-four or thirty-six hours. The third bath is one of acetate of lead at a temperature of from ninety-five to one hundred and twenty-two degrees of Fahrenheit, and in this the wood remains from thirty to fifty hours. After a complete drying, it is then ready for polishing with lead, tin, or zinc, finishing the process with a burnisher, as already mentioned, when the wood, apparently, becomes a piece of shining polished metal. This curious process we are told is the invention of a German named Rubennick.

RELICS FROM THE HOLY LAND.

An admirable proposal has just been made for the foundation of a Museum of Antiquities and Curiosities from the Holy Land, and of all museums such a one as this would surely prove of the deepest interest. Already there appears to be a room in the Louvre at Paris devoted to this purpose, and containing about a couple of hundred objects. The British Museum possesses various articles, such as lamps, vases, &c.; but a very much larger collection is known to belong to the Palestine Exploration Fund, and is partly in the keeping of that association both in London and Jerusalem, and partly at the South Kensington Museum; the whole collection probably may number about a thousand objects of all kinds. Coins would of course form an important part of the collection. Many very ancient and curious Jewish coins are still in existence; but perhaps the three of the greatest antiquity and consequent interest—two copper and one silver—bear the names of 'Eliashib the Priest,' four hundred and

thirty-five years B.C., and 'Eleazar the Priest,' two hundred and eighty-one years B.C. To the coins might be added relics of the crusaders, and memorials of the Christian occupation of parts of Palestine, crests and arms of the Christian warriors, architectural relics, and fragments of sculpture. The aid of plaster-casts and photography, too, might be readily called in; and it may be reckoned that few travellers visiting this sacred soil would fail to bring back something with which to enrich the museum. Thus a good beginning might easily be made; and in the end, a large and curious collection of objects would be brought together, which would materially help to illustrate and throw light upon the history of Palestine and the study of the Holy Scriptures.

HOPE ON, HOPE EVER.

HOPE on, hope ever. Though dead leaves are lying
In mournful clusters 'neath your wandering feet;
Though wintry winds through naked boughs are sighing
The flowers are dead; yet is the memory sweet
Of summer winds and countless roses glowing
'Neath the warm kisses of the generous sun.
HOPE on, hope ever. Why should tears be flowing?
In every season is some victory won.

HOPE on, hope ever, though you deck loved tresses
With trembling fingers for the silent grave;
Though cold the cheek beneath your fond caresses,
Look up, true Christian soul; be calm, be brave!
HOPE on, hope ever. Though your hearts be breaking,
Let flowers of Resignation wreath your cross,
Deep in your heart some heavenly wisdom waking,
For mortal life is full of change and loss.

HOPE on, hope ever, for long-vanished faces
Watch for your coming on the golden shore,
E'en while you whisper in their vacant places
The blessed words, 'Not lost, but gone before!'
HOPE on, hope ever, let your hearts keep singing,
When low you bend above the churchyard sod,
And fervent prayers your chastened thoughts are
winging,
Through sighs and tears, to the bright throne of
God!

HOPE on, hope ever. Let not toil or sorrow
Still the sweet music of Hope's heavenly voice.
From every dawn some ray of comfort borrow,
That in the evening you may still rejoice.
HOPE on, hope ever—words beyond comparing,
Dear to the hearts that nameless woes have riven;
To all that mourn, sweet consolation bearing.
Oh, may they prove the Christian's guide to heaven!

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1st. All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

2d. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3d. MANUSCRIPTS should bear the author's full Christian name, Surname, and Address, legibly written; and should be written on one side of the leaf only.

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